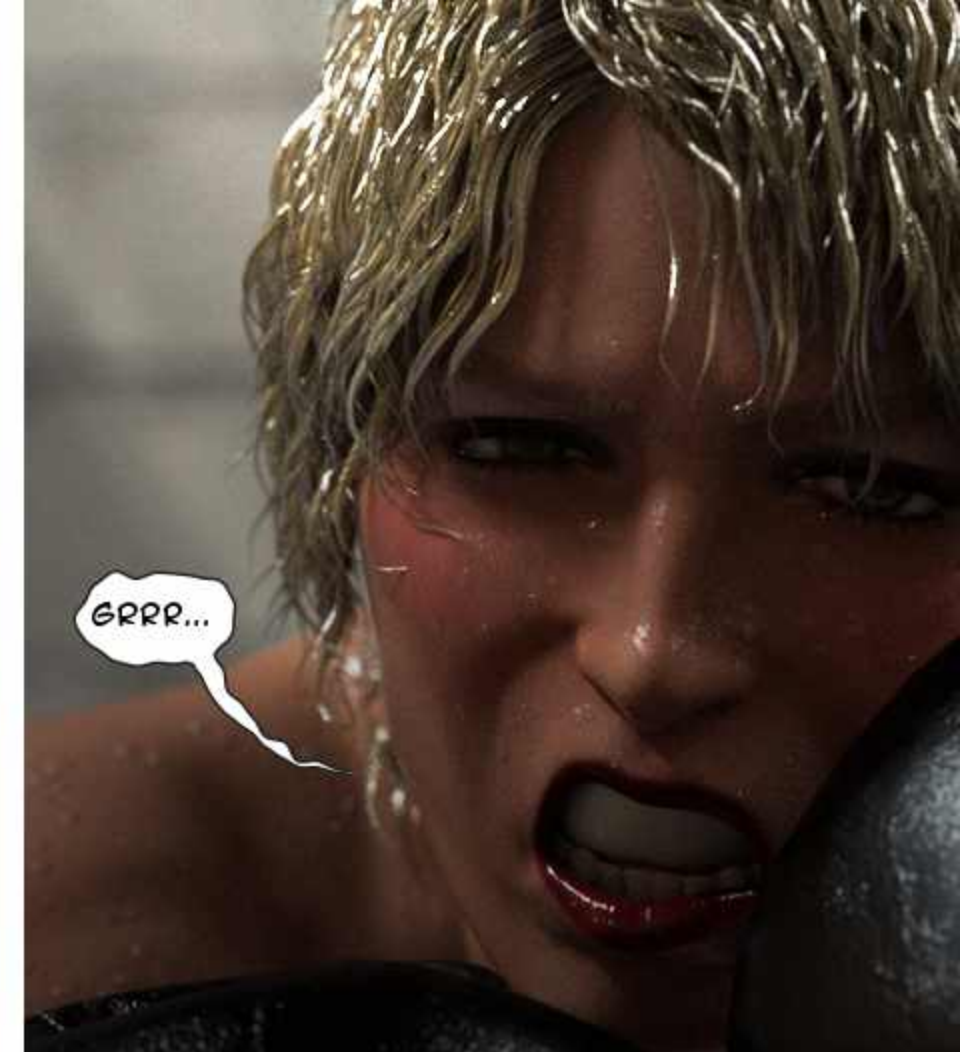
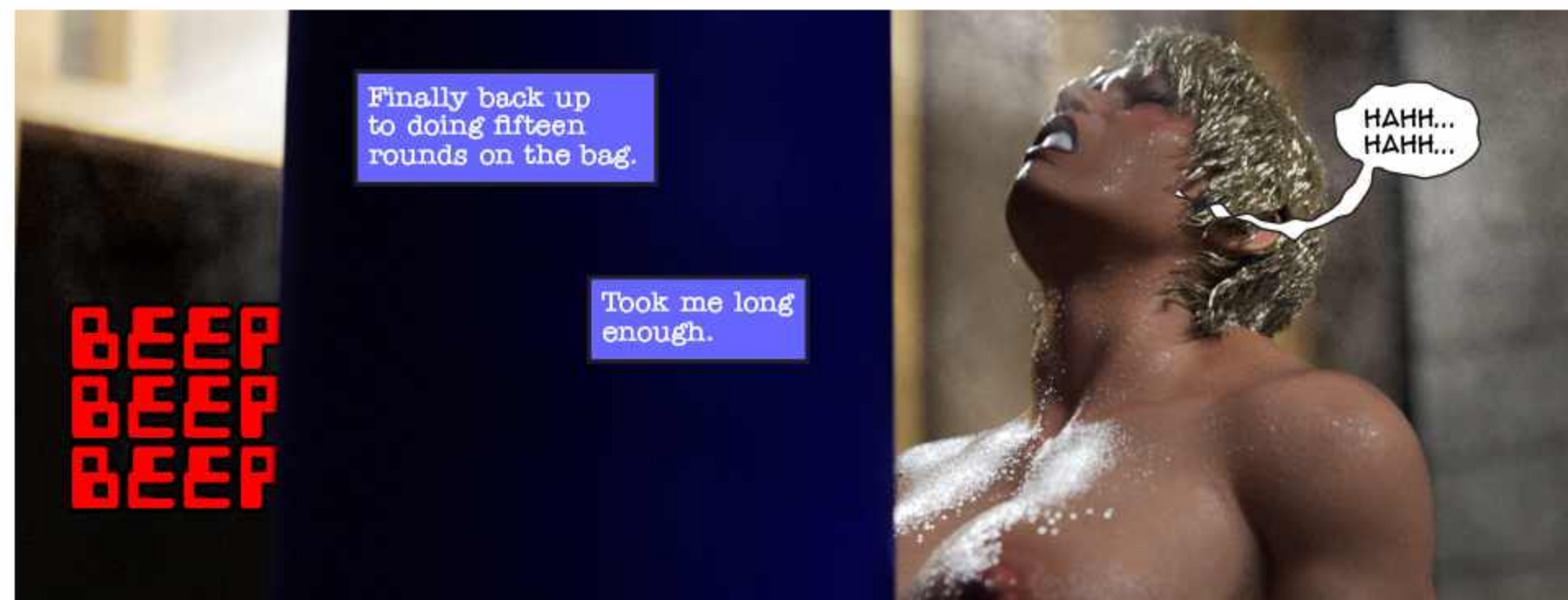


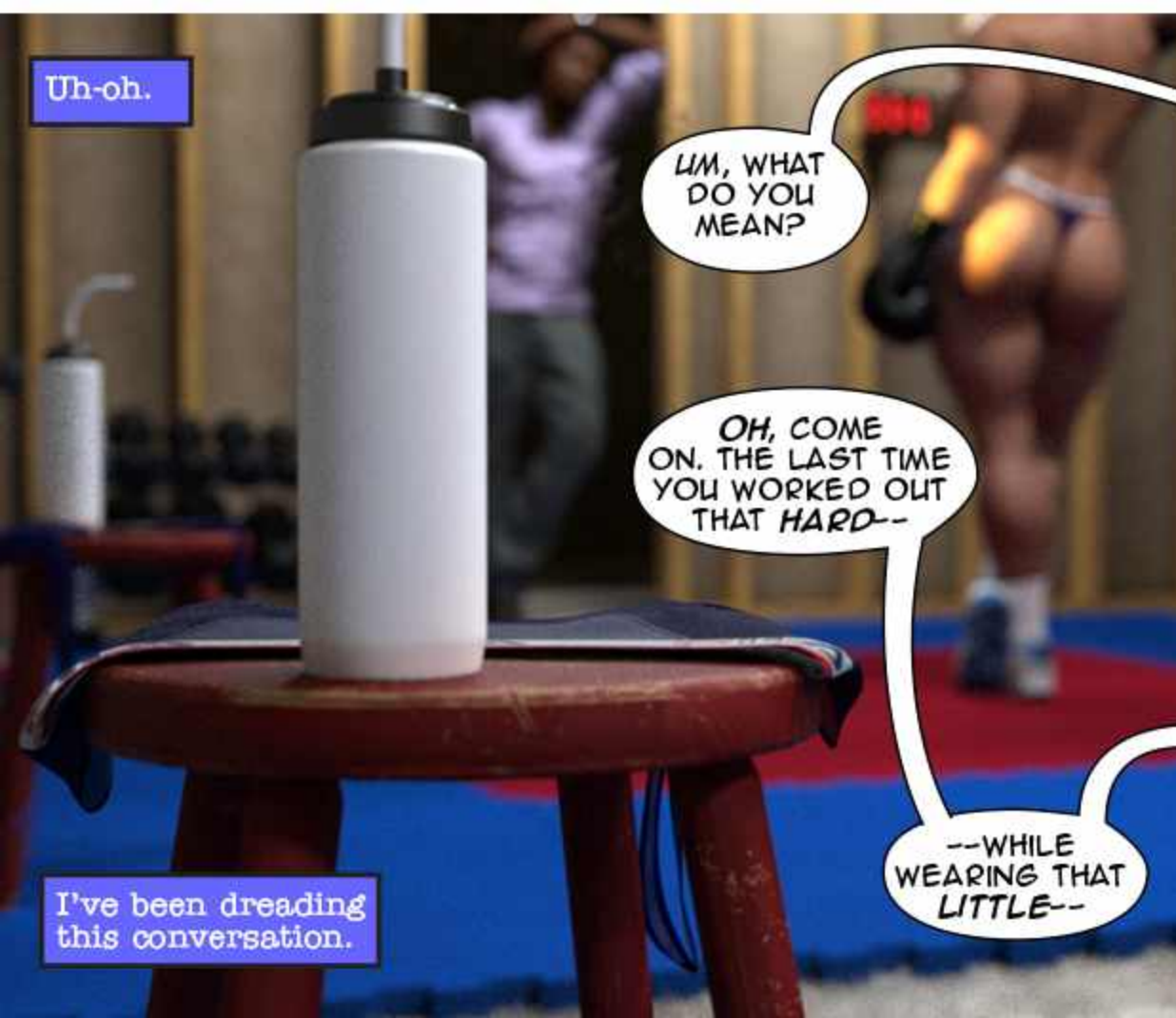


BIG KNOCKOUTS BOXING #3:
SUGAR vs. SPICE
BY A. F. COMBAT











...But my phone call with Eagle Parsons, BKBO owner and promoter, was another story.

With the eagerness of a fisherman who hooked the big one, he had a contract and terms in my email before we even got off the phone.

(Good terms, too.)



He already had the perfect opponent in mind for me, he said, but he wanted me to get some training time in with a fighter with some BKBO experience first.

He had someone available for that, too; She'd be fighting nearby in a couple of days, so I could go see her in action and chat her up afterwards.

Now, I tend to cover more of the "mainstream" fighters and events for Gloves & Globes, and don't get a lot of contact with the gimmicky types on the strip-club circuit...

...So this was my first time seeing "Professor Punch."



--I couldn't deny she was teaching Frannie a lesson in there.

While I doubted she was actually a professor, any more than her opponent Frannie Mae was actually a farmgirl--

--Like I said, gimmicky--



Seemed like she had a solid understanding of how the BKBO rules worked and how to use them to her advantage...



...Especially against a girl who had a few inches and pounds on her like Frannie.

Size quit mattering once she was sitting on that bottom rope...

...And could lock a smother in.

NEED TO PUNCH YOUR WAY OUT, FRAN...

That's what I was really going to need help with.

I knew how to fight on the inside and in clinches, sure... But not like this.



Thankfully, it looked like the "professor" was an expert.









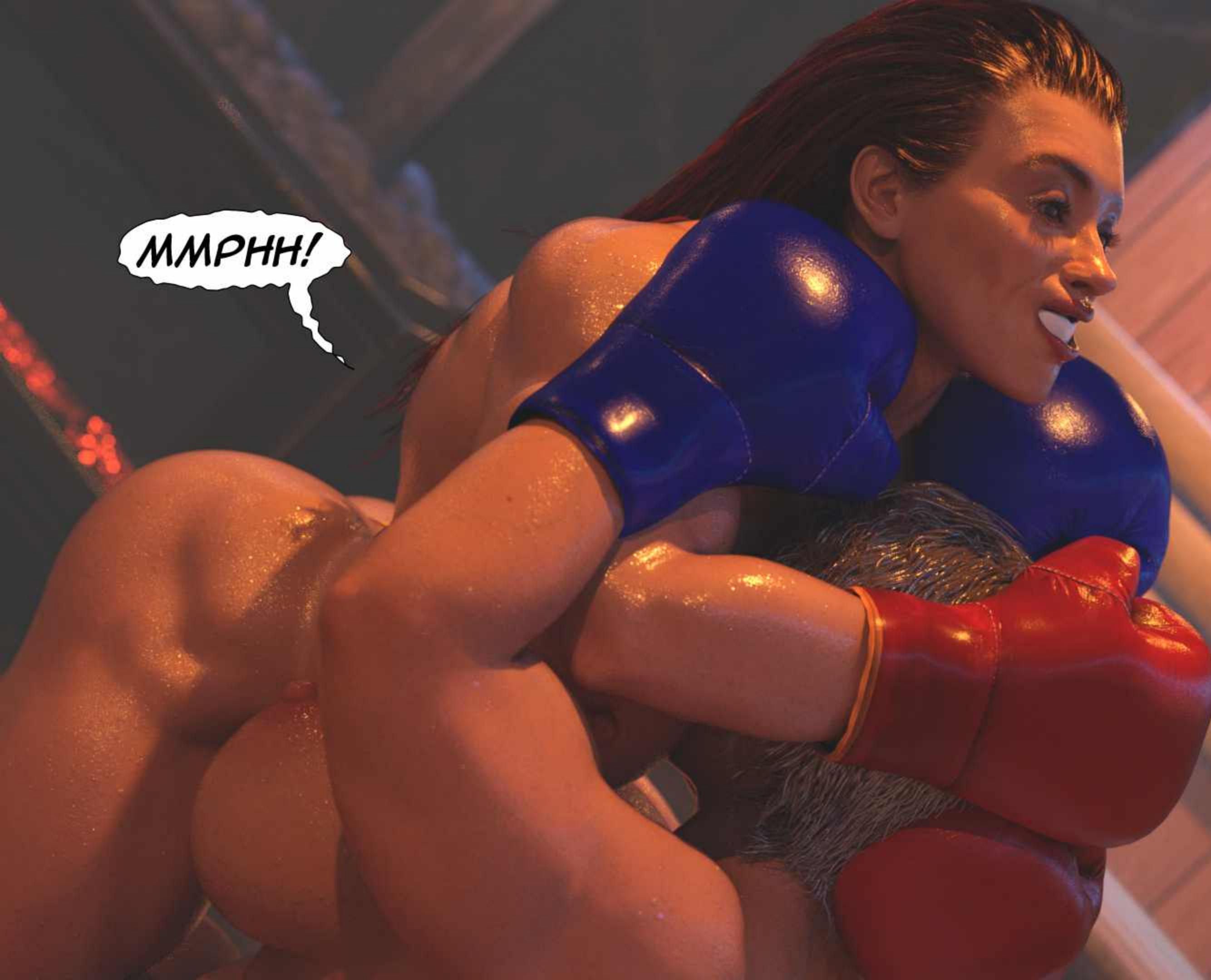




HOOLIGH!

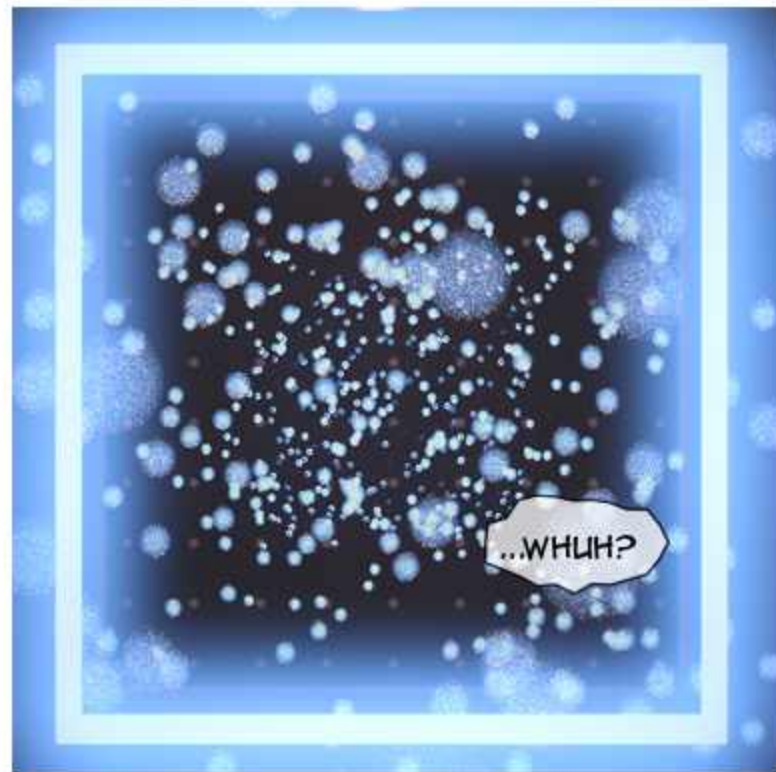








...NNN...



...WHUH?



KAFF!
KAFF!



WAKY
WAKY! NOT
TOO BAD FOR YOUR
FIRST TIME.

KAFF!...
IF YOU SAY
SO...CAN WE GIVE
THAT ANOTHER
SHOT?

WHENEVER
YOU'RE READY.
HEH. ATTITUDE LIKE
THAT AND A FEW MORE
WEEKS WITH ME, YOU'LL
BE A MATCH FOR
ANYBODY IN THE
LEAGUE!



SPEAKING
OF, DID EAGLE
EVER TELL YOU
WHO YOU WERE
FIGHTING?

OH, HE'S
GOT THE PERFECT
NAME LINED UP FOR
ME. FIGHT'S GONNA SELL
ITSELF; HE JUST HAS TO
PUT US ON A POSTER
THAT SAYS--

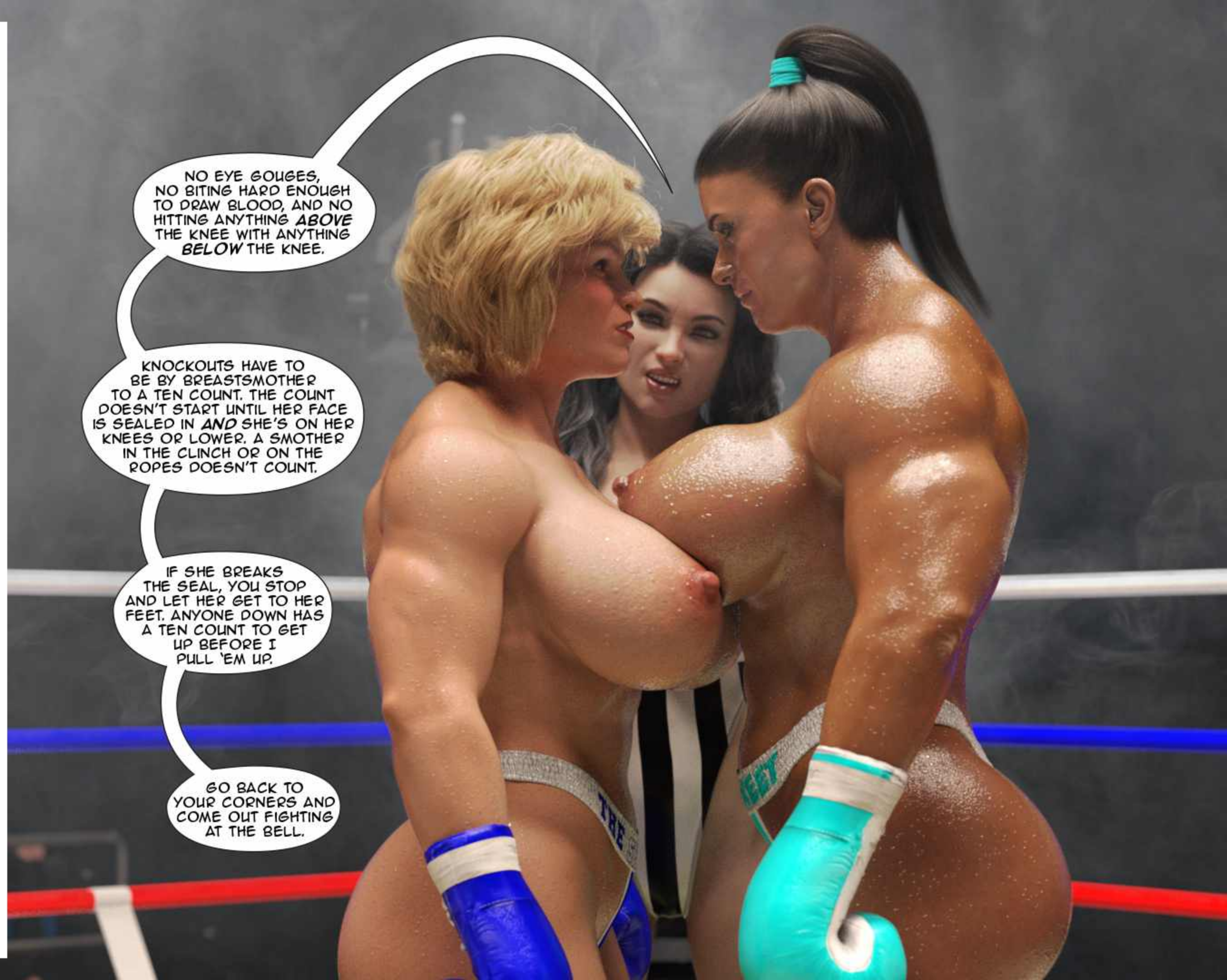


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S TIME FOR TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT!



INTRODUCING FIRST: MAKING HER RETURN TO THE RING AFTER A TEN-YEAR ABSENCE...

...AS WELL AS HER B.K.B.O DEBUT, PLEASE WELCOME BACK "THE SPICE RACK" BRANDIIIIIIIIII SPIIIIICE!



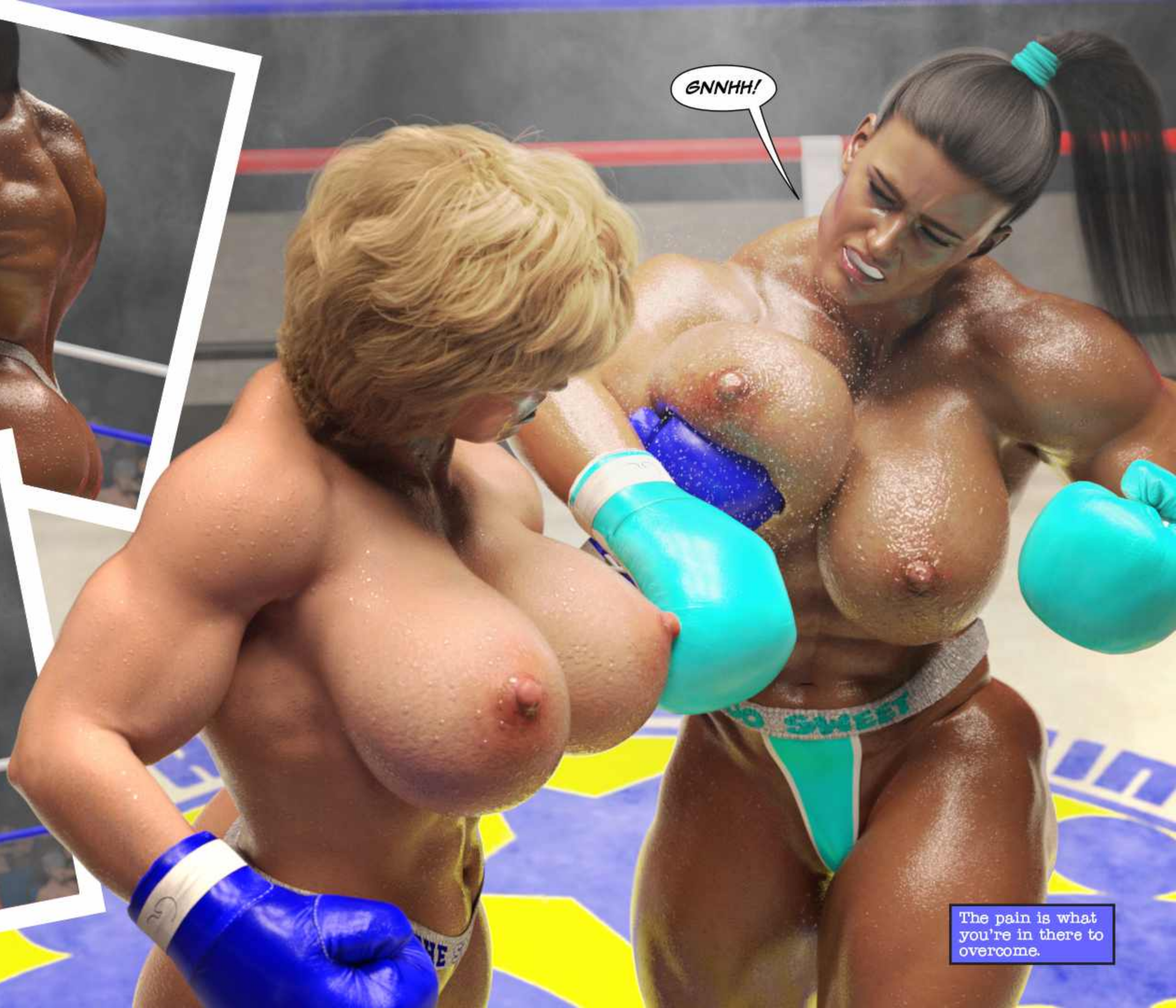




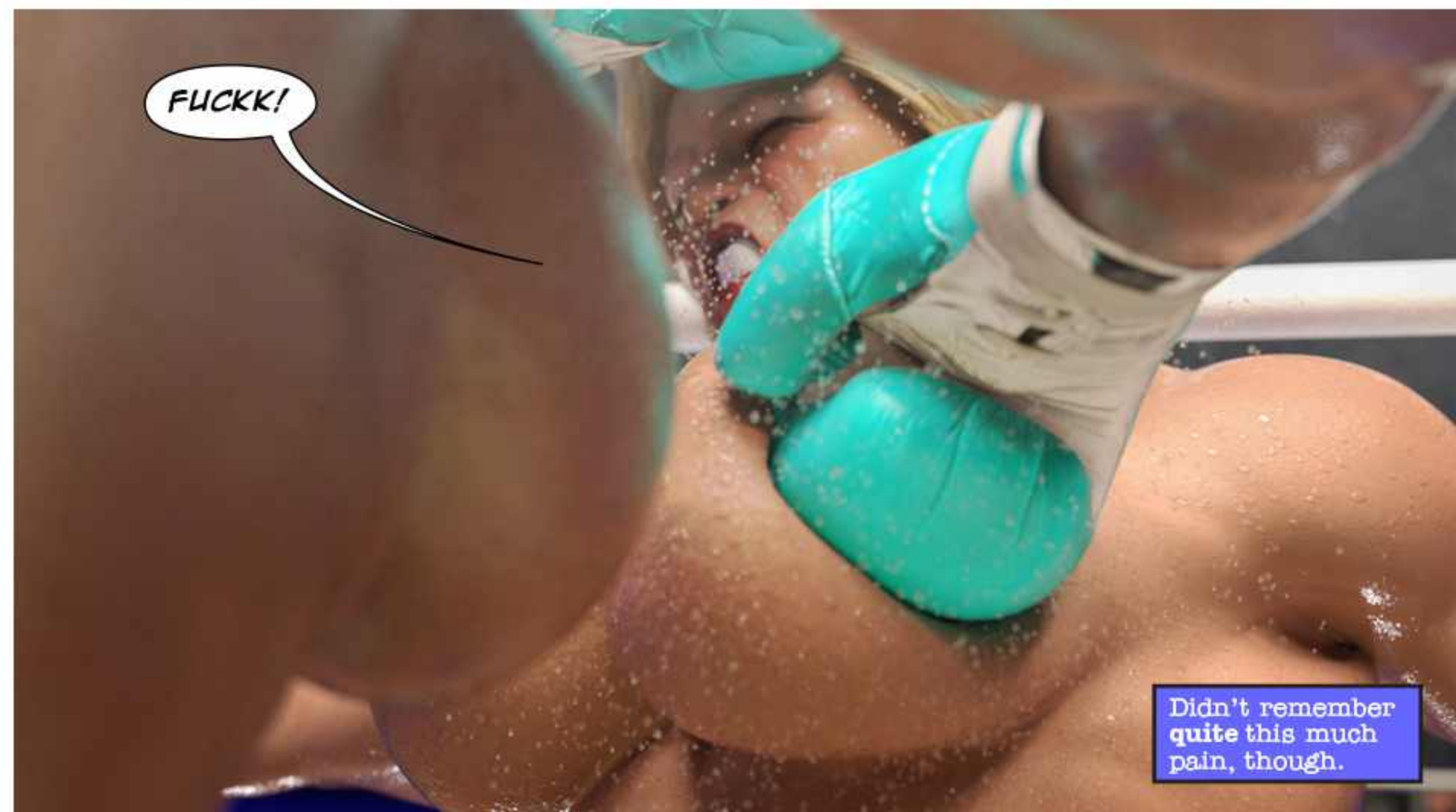
But that's really kind of the point.



GNNHH!



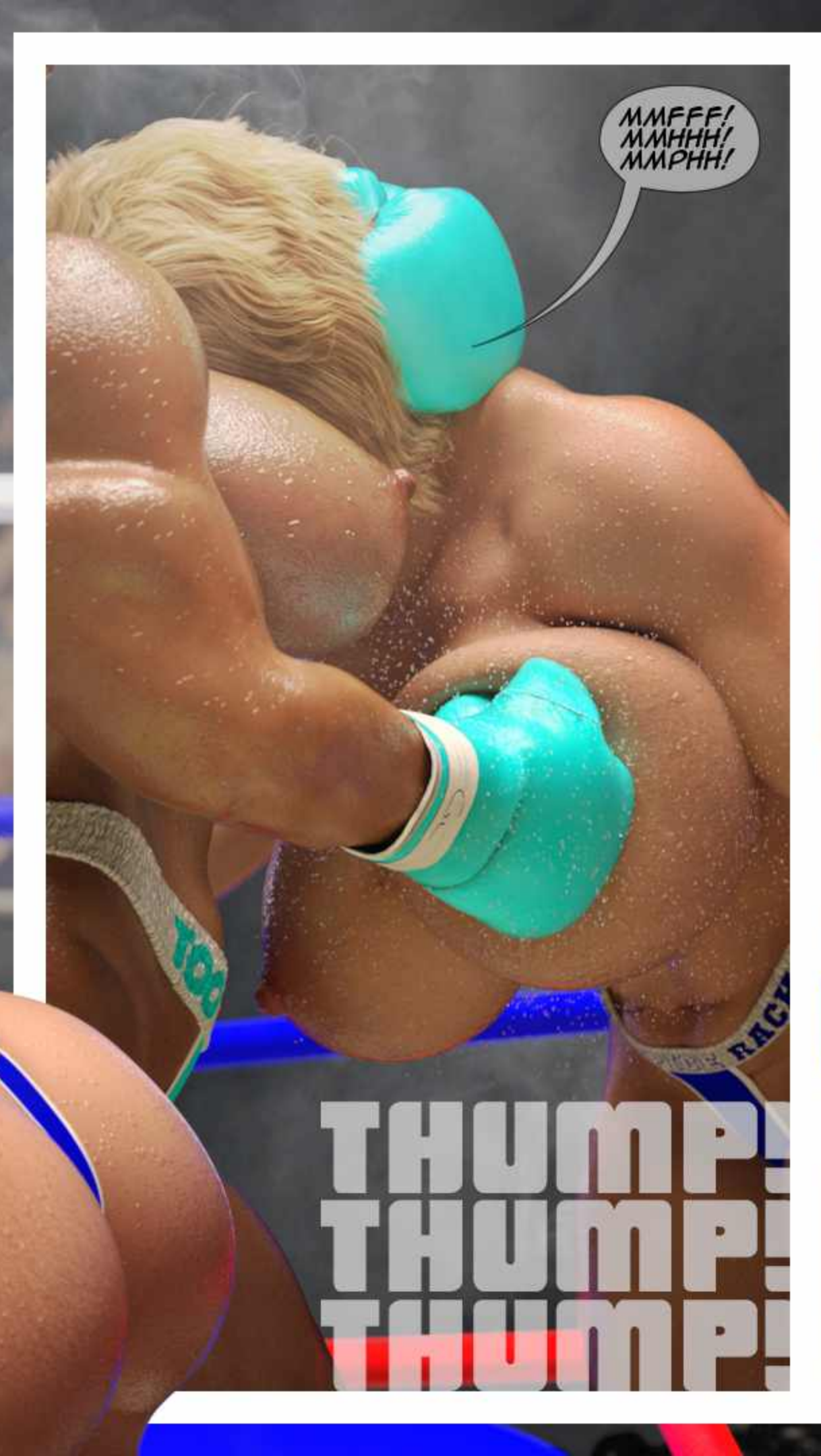
The pain is what you're in there to overcome.

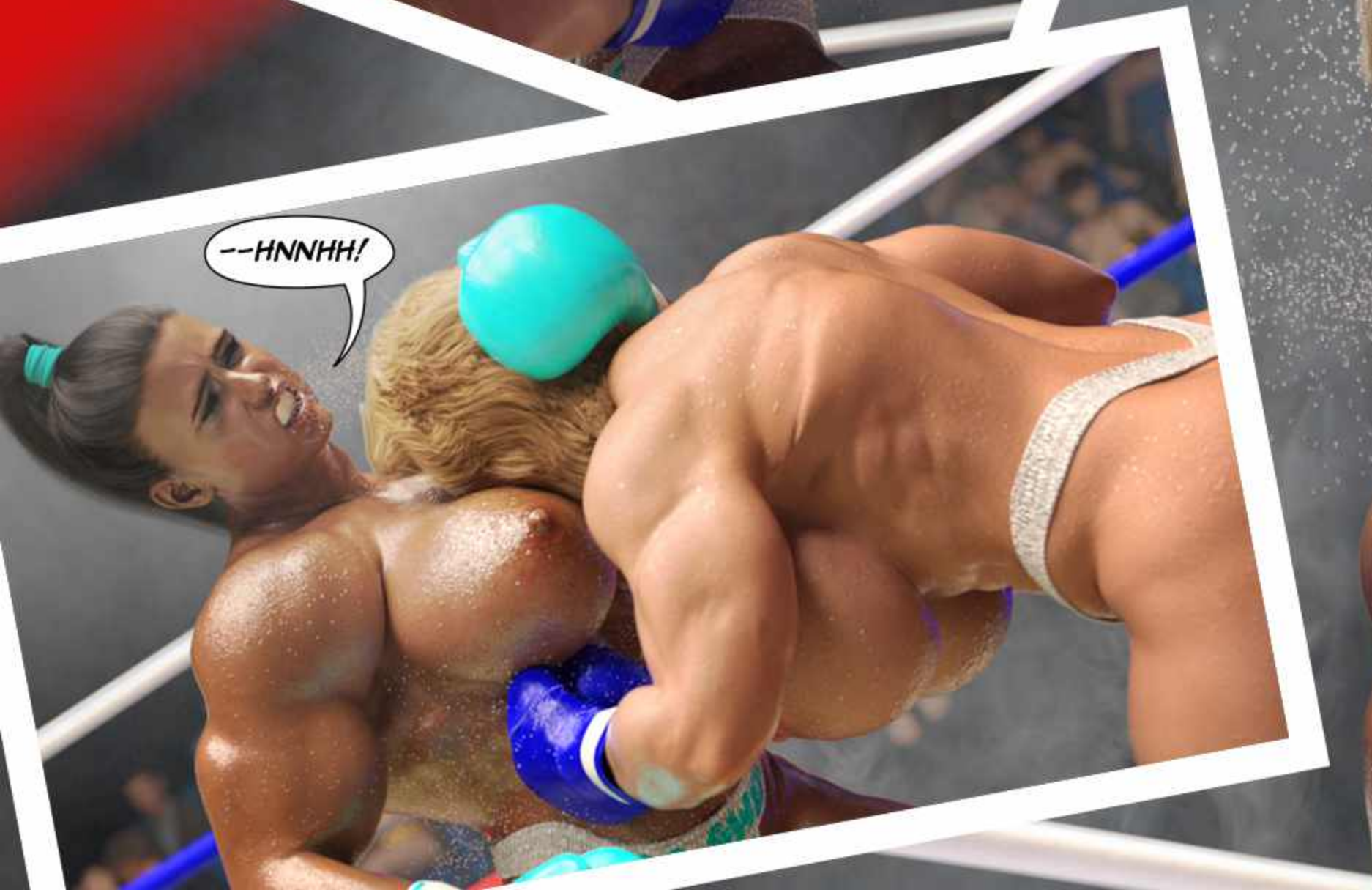


Didn't remember quite this much pain, though.

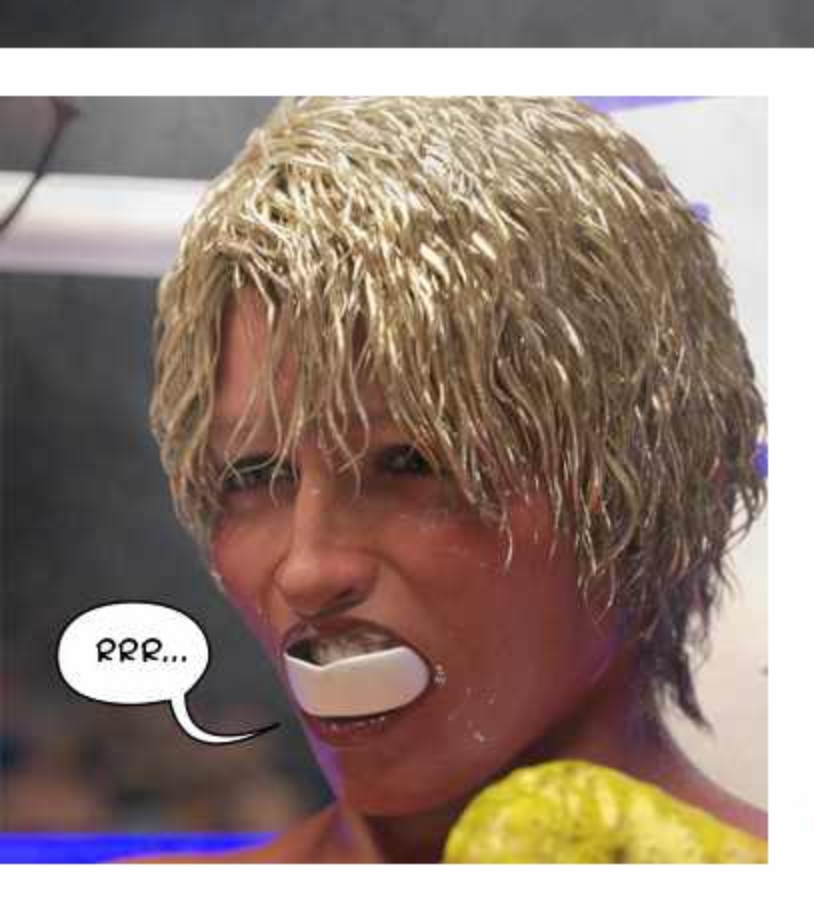












ROUND 2:

she gave me
some good advice.

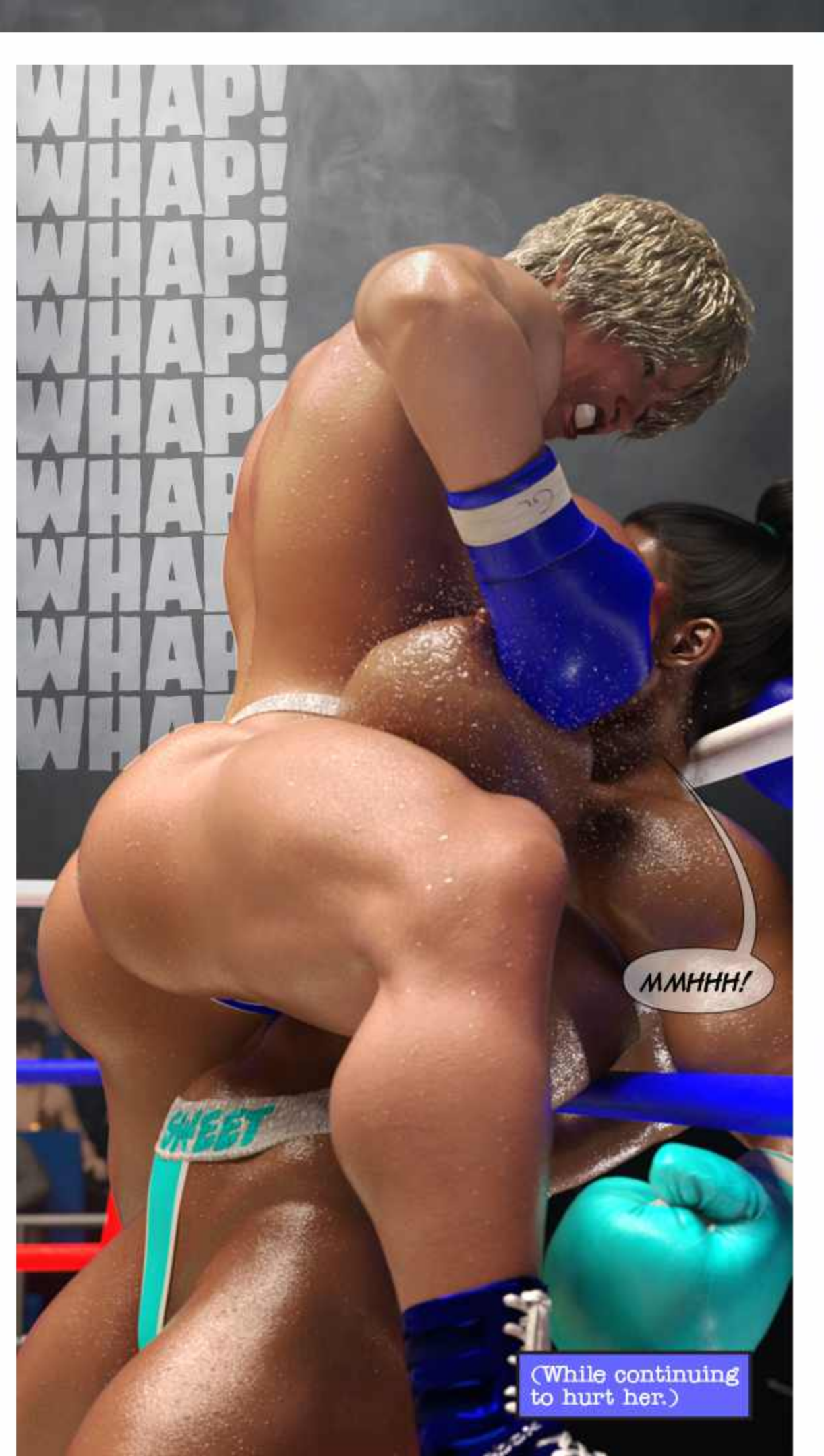
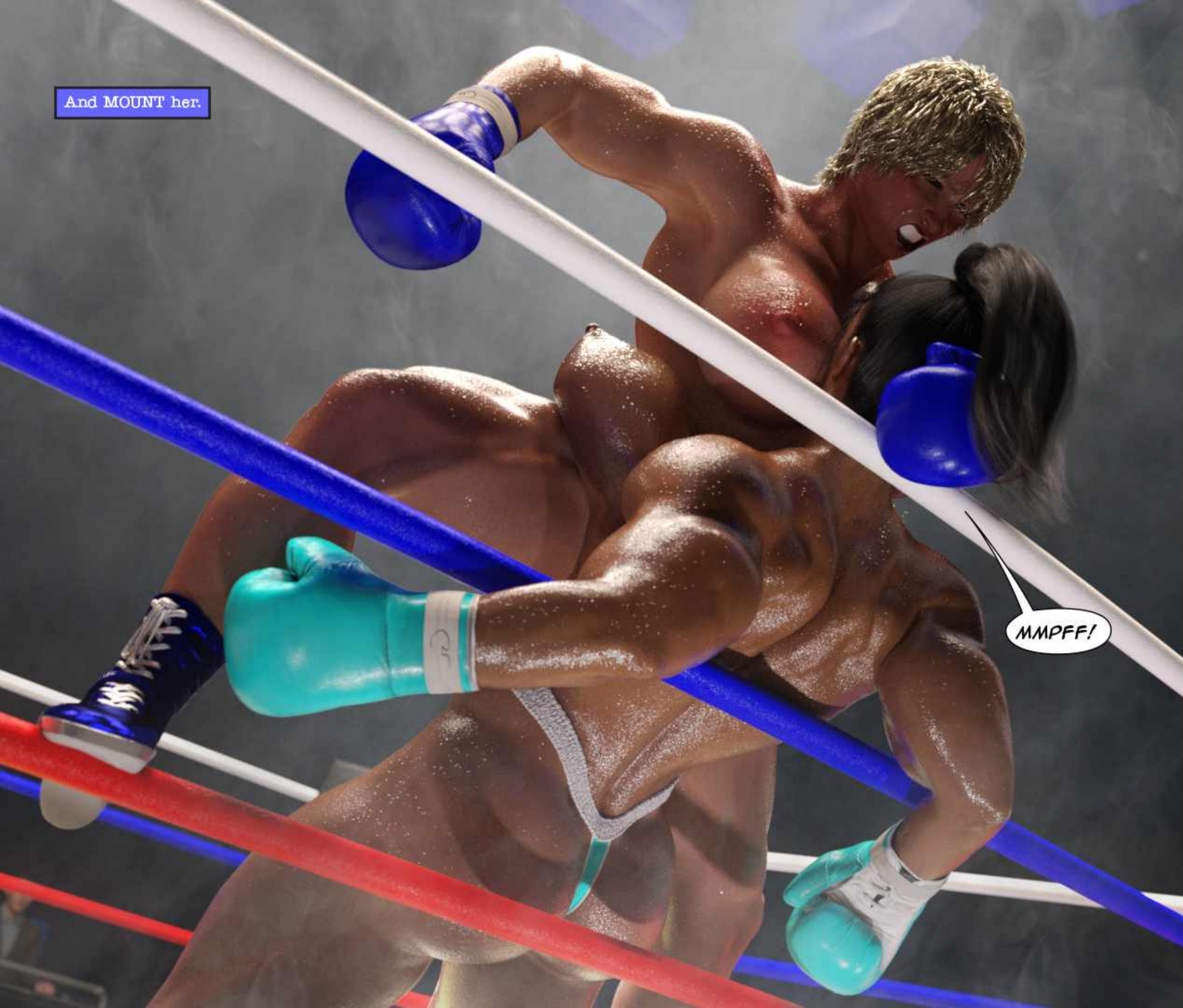














WHA--

Think I tried to do that last part too soon.

AAA DING!





All I knew
then was how
much it hurt.



ROUND 4:

we went back-and-forth for the next few rounds...



ROUND 5:



ROUND 6:

GGGKK!

QUIT
DIGGING IN
YOUR HEEL LIKE
THAT, SUGAR!





ROUND 7:









Most of the
round left to go.

This was
my chance.



(Well, maybe
a little fancy.)







GET UP,
GOD DAMN
YOU!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

I don't remember much
about this last part.

HOLY SHIT,
SHE'S GONNA
PULL IT OFF.

FIVE!



SIX!

CRASH!

SHIT!

Those of you who saw the fight can guess why.

